Senator Daniel E. Riley
High River, Alberta.

SENATOR PAT BURNS

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for, "Did you sell this horse to Riley, and he paid you for it?" "Where is the money?" The man said, "I have the money in my pocket." With that I left them.

When Pat came downstairs he came to me and said, "This man is our stable boss and he had been working for the company for several years. He has been on a drunk for several days and I guess he doesn't know what he's doing. You will give him back the horse if he gives you the money, I suppose." I said, "Yes." "He has promised to start back to Calgary tomorrow morning."

Mr. Burns was keeping this man out of the penitentiary and also doing a good turn for Mann and McKenzie in enabling them to retain the services of their stable boss. In my long acquaintance with Mr. Burns that was one leading characteristic of the man--helping somebody else and straightening out difficulties for other people.

After that road was built he bought the W.R. Hull outfit in Calgary--butcher shops and all that went with them, the government farm and other property, and was the principal buyer of the range cattle of Southern Alberta for many years or almost until his death.

For many years I sold my beef cattle to Mr. Burns. He would look at them on the ranch, we would decide on a price; he would select those that he wanted; I agreed to deliver them at Cayley, the principal shipping point at that time, on a certain date. They were weighed there and shipped - quite an important deal for me,at least, and we never had the scratch of a pen between us. He took my word and I

took his, and never had any reason to question it.

Another incident that I have in mind was told to me by Mr. Burns. I didn't witness the happening, but was familiarywith the situation.

At the time I speak of, Pat had made a contract with the Government to supply the Blood Reserve with whatever beef they needed under the terms of the Blackfoot Crossing Treaty. As they were a large tribe, it took quite a lot of cattle to supply them and so we hired the late George Lane to handle the contract, build some corrals and shacks where these cattle were held and a primitive killing plant. Sometime after operations had begun Pat came to Macleod and hired a team there and a buckboard to go out and visit the plant. It happened to be the day on which they killed and Lane had been corralling a small bunch of steers. When Mr. Burns drove up with his team and buckboard they had all the steers in the corral except one and Lane had his rope on him but had lost the rope and the steer was charging around there looking for somebody to kill. Those steers were not the type of steers that we have today. They were all horned cattle four or five years old that seldom saw anyone on their native ranges and were really wild cattle. Burns watched Lane for some little time trying to get the steer into the corral and thought that he needed some help. An Indian was sitting on his pony some distance away and he beckoned to the Indian to come up to his buckboard and give him his horse. They changed places. Burns got on the Indian pony and the Indian got in

the buckboard to drive his team. Burns, always anxious to help, rode up to where the steer was standing snorting at Lane and as soon as the steer noticed him - he had tried to kill Lane and his horse with several fierce rushes - he thought Burns and his horse would be easier picking. So throwing down his head, he charged Mr. Burns. The stupid Indian pony didn't know how to avoid such a rush and the steer threw Burns and pony both up in the air. Burns landed on the ground and broke his wrist. He looked up and the steer was coming for him. He broke and ran. Now Mr. Burns was a ten second man when it came to foot racing, but as he ranhe looked behind and the steer was gaining all the time, horns levelled and blood in his eye. If Burns could run one hundred yards in ten seconds, he thought that old steer could run it in nine seconds the way he was coming up on him. He didn't know what the outcome was going to be, but all he could do was run. All at once, just about the time the steer was ready to lift him, he heard a shot and the steer dropped. Lane had run up on him and killed him with a six-shooter. In telling me that, Mr. Burns said "You know Lane was a good pistol shot."

I do not think I can do better than to repeat in part what I said on February 24th, 1937, in the Senate Chamber when several members spoke of the loss which the Senate had sustained in the death of the Honourable Senator Pat Burns. I knew the late Senator for almost half a century. I knew him when he was leading the rugged and strenuous life of a cattleman in the early days of the West where true

values are perhaps more readily assessed, and through all the changing years since that time we were close friends. Although this is a sad occasion for me I am glad and proud at this time and in this place to stand and say of my old friend: "He was a good man in every sense of the word."

The late Senator Burns had a full measure of the pioneer spirit. A plain and simple man in the finer sense of the term, he was endowed with a vision and an almost uncanny foresight; and this, coupled with courage to back his opinions, placed him in the front rank of Canada's business men. To most of us he was known as a cattleman, and he was a cattleman in a large way. His operations extended over a tremendous territory; on the Pacific coast to the Yukon, in the provinces of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Though we think of him as a cattleman, his business activities were almost as varied as the resources of the vast territory in which he operated. In fact, the history and early development of Western Canada and the life history of the late Senator are very closely interwoven.

In politics he took little active part, but he was always a prominent figure in the public life of his adopted province. His death removes one of the outstanding pioneers and personalities of Western Canada. We shall miss his cheery greeting and the unfailing optimism and faith in his adopted province that were so often encouragement and inspiration to many a struggling pioneer. We all shall

miss him; the members of this Chamber who had the privilege of knowing him will miss his wise counsel; his business associates will miss him; but above all he will be missed by the poor people of the West, where he lived so long, to whom he had endeared himself by his kindly and generous spirit.

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PAT BURNS' [illegible]

Although the passing of the Honorable Patrick Burns was not unexpected, there are times when friends, and even communities, are not wholly prepared for the resultant shock caused by the passing of a well-known, highly respected and esteemed benefactor. And "Pat" Burns was a well-known, highly respected and esteemed benefactor of Calgary, Alberta, and the entire Dominion.

Much will be written and spoken of his many virtues and benefactions. From one end of the Dominion to the other and even beyond, tributes of respect will be paid to the life and works of this great son of the plains. And well may this be so, because the life and career of the Honorable Patrick Burns reveals what is possible of accomplishment, even in the space of a brief lifetime where ambition, hard work, honesty of purpose and common sense actuate and guide the actions of the individual concerned.

To a rising generation, perhaps, an account of the writer's first meeting with "Pat" Burns may be of interest. On the occasion of what was perhaps his last interview with a newspaper reporter some years ago, Mr. Burns is reported to have said "Give me my youth, a straw hat and pair of overalls and health, and you may have all my wealth." These words typified "Pat" Burns the man and they also, in a large degree embodied his philosophy of life.

EARLY DAYS

It was in the late fall of 1890 when I first met Mr. Burns. It was during the construction of the Calgary

and Edmonton railway, the first sod of which had been turned by the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, at a great celebration on section 14, on July 21, of that year.

The road was being constructed under the supervision of Mackenzie and Mann and strange to say I had the pleasure of meeting big, burly "Dan" (afterwards Sir Daniel Mann) on the same day.

My family at the time were operating an extensive market garden on the old homestead on the outskirts of the then struggling town. Times were hard, and we all had to pile in and assist in supplying a crabstake. I was at the time 12 years of age, an age when a boy's memory is retentive and his mind impressive. It is perhaps for these reasons that today the memory of my first meeting with Mr. Burns stands out so clearly.

My brothers had taken a contract from the contractors who were building the line out of Calgary to keep the camps supplied with vegetables, and twice each week, we would fill up a wagon box with an assortment of vegetables and deliver them to the camp, as long as they were within a day's journey of Calgary. At the same time Mr. Burns had the contract to keep the camps supplied with fresh meat and it happened that on the day of our meeting we both arrived at the camp at almost the same hour.

The time was about 1.30. The work crews had all eaten their midday meal in the big marquee tent, and the cook and his assistants were engaged in cleaning off the tables and

washing the dishes.

Along Camp "L"

When we pulled up to the tent, the cook called to us from the doorway to unhook and feed our horses and come in and have dinner, which we promptly proceeded to do. We had just got nicely started at our meal when there were sounds of another approaching team coming along the road. This proved to be a team and democrat driven by "Pat" Burns. In the democrat we had a carcass of dressed beef, neatly covered with a canvas. Once more the cook poked his head out of the tent and exclaimed, "Hullo Pat, unhook and feed your team and come in and have something to eat." In a few minutes a well-built muscular man entered the marquee.

He was dressed in a pair of somewhat soiled overalls, supported by a leather belt, and wore a grayish-blue shirt, also somewhat soiled, without a collar, and an old battered felt hat, much the worse for wear. He was introduced in typical western fashion as "Pat" Burns. While we were eating our dinner, another big, muscular man, wearing a black felt hat tilted at a sort of gambler's angle over his right eye, entered the tent. He said "Hullo Pat" to which salutation Mr. Burns arose and said "hello Dan" and they shook hands in greeting. This man proved to be "Dan" Mann, who was superintending the installation of the rails around a curve in the line near where the hamlet of Balzac is now located.

[illegible]-DAY SHOW

At the time to which I refer Mr. Burns was not only the "beef contractor" he was also his own buyer and conducted his own slaughtering, as well as attending to the delivery of the finished product. Out in the Elbow Park district along the bank of the Elbow River he had a little frame slaughter house. Knowing his weekly needs in the way of beef, he would go out into the surrounding country, buy what animals he needed, have them delivered to his little slaughter house, and there, perhaps working the entire night, he would kill and dress the animals ready for delivery the next day.

From that humble beginning, and steadfastly adhering to that philosophy which guided him throughout his life, "Pat" Burns has answered the last great call, leaving behind him to inspire and guide those of a younger generation who have the will "to do and dare" an example of what opportunities lie before them in this favored, and sometimes much abused, province of Alberta.

CHINESE COOK'S FIRST TRICK REVIVES IN CHARLIE'S DEATH

Charlie didn't cook breakfast for the boys at the ranch-house Wednesday morning. He couldn't because his boss had just died.

For the last 43 years Charlie has been getting up early and for Charlie, getting up early means 4 o'clock in the morning. Charlie is the 73-year-old Chinese cook at the

late Senator "Pat" Burns' Bow Valley Ranch, just a few miles south of Calgary. On Wednesday morning Charlie was up as usual, mixing flap-jack batter and warming up plates. It was to be another routine day for Charlie, a day crammed with cooking, washing and peeling and then more cooking and washing. But it wasn't.

TAKING IT OVER

Flashing over wires mounted on poles which were not dreamed of when Charlie first came to the country, came word that "the boss" had died. To Charlie, "Pat" Burns was more than a boss. They used to talk things over together and those talks cemented the two men together so much that when news that "the boss" passed away, Charlie had to forget about breakfast, forget about everything else and think of the memory of "Pat" Burns, his best friend.

"But he was getting old," Charlie reviewed when spoken to over the phone Wednesday night. "I guess we all have to go sometime."

"Have they set the day for the funeral," Charlie asked.

When told that the funeral would be held Saturday, Charlie asked if he could delay any newspaper interview until then.

PRAYER TIME

"Sure I'll be there, even if I have to walk," Charlie promised.

Charlie, it appears, left the Orient when he was 11 years old. He first settled in California but migrated to Canada when he was 20 and cooked for a construction camp

which was being operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway under the direction of W.R. Hall. In 1883 Charlie went to Vancouver, still employed by Mr. Hall. Then Mr. Hall moved back to Alberta and bought what is now the Bow Valley Ranch which he later sold to "Pat" Burns. Charlie decided to remain on the ranch under the new management.

Since Charlie first came to America, he has been back to his native country three times! On one occasion he found time to get married but it is 26 years since he has seen his wife and family.

"I was going to go back last spring and stay there," he explained, "but Mr. Burns was sick and they wanted me to stay here for a few months. But now that Mr. Burns has gone, I guess I can go."

CHARLIE 'GOING HOME' NOW THAT BOSS IS DEAD

Friends parted at a graveside Saturday. Charlie, as he is affectionately known to hundreds of cattlemen who have stopped to eat at the Burns' Bow Valley Ranch during the past 43 years, was an old friend and trusted employee of the late Senator Pat Burns. Charlie was employed as cook. Although Charlie promised he would be at the funeral "even if he had to walk," he didn't have to walk. Instead, he was listed among the mourners and his car followed closely behind the hearse which contained the body of his friend and boss.

Charlie is pictured here as he appeared shortly after the body of the late cattle-king was lowered into the earth.

"A nice funeral," Charlie reflected as he took his last look at his friend's final resting place.

His work here finished, his best friend dead, the 72-year-old Oriental plans to return to his native China and see his wife and family whom he has not visited for 26 years. Charlie intended to return last spring, but he didn't. Past the four-score mark and ill, Pat Burns asked Charlie to "hang on" a little longer. Charlie agreed to stay and cook for the boys on the ranch as long as it was his boss' wish. Charlie managed to "hang on" but now that his friend has gone, nothing remains for him here. So Charlie is going home.

CALGARY LOSES NOTED CITIZEN

The career of the late Senator Patrick Burns embodied not only one of Canada's most notable industrial romances but it has served as an inspiration to many young Canadians during the past two generations. A native of Ontario, he received few educational advantages in his youth. On the other hand he was gifted with a natural aptitude for business and with determination to supplement his commercial vision. As a mere youth, he visualized the opportunities that the new west afforded and he came out as far as Winnipeg in his twenty-third year. He recognized the immense potentialities of the western plains as the centre of a huge livestock industry.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway provided him with his great chance to achieve business success and he seized it. What followed may be epitomized in a sentence: the struggling youth of the early 'Eighties sold out the great business he had built up to the Dominion Securities in 1928, a transaction involving the huge sum of $15,000,000. The different steps taken in the development of a world famous business enterprise are described elsewhere. Sufficient it is to note that "Pat" Burns was just as modest and friendly to all in recent years as he was among his fellow-cattlemen when he first came to Alberta a half century ago.

He never sought public office and it was not until his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1931, that he accepted a senatorship offered by his fellow-townsman, the former prime minister.

No political appointment was ever more cordially approved, for the new senator had no enemies but a host of friends and well-wishers. He rose to success and wealth without incurring jealousy. It would be hard to find one man in the west who begrudged him his good fortune and the reason is not hard to discover. He was generosity itself to all his old acquaintances if they fell upon hard times. His pocket-book was always open to those in trouble or to those engaged in charitable work.

It was said of him by an exchange at the time of his appointment to the Senate: "Pat Burns is one of the fortunates among men. He has made himself beloved by all. The life he has spent well deserves the honor now bestowed on him. It has endeared him to everyone who knows him, whether they be old-timer or newcomer. It has made him respected from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, but you cannot limit the range of the esteem in which Pat Burns is held. He is one of Canada's figures, small of stature but great of heart." These words may well be repeated today because they were true in every essential.

Senator Burns was a fine citizen. He was a genial and generous host and many distinguished men and women visitors have enjoyed his hospitality. He was a patron of music and aided several young artists to pursue their education abroad. He gave generously to community movements and assisted in the financing of many business enterprises located in this city.